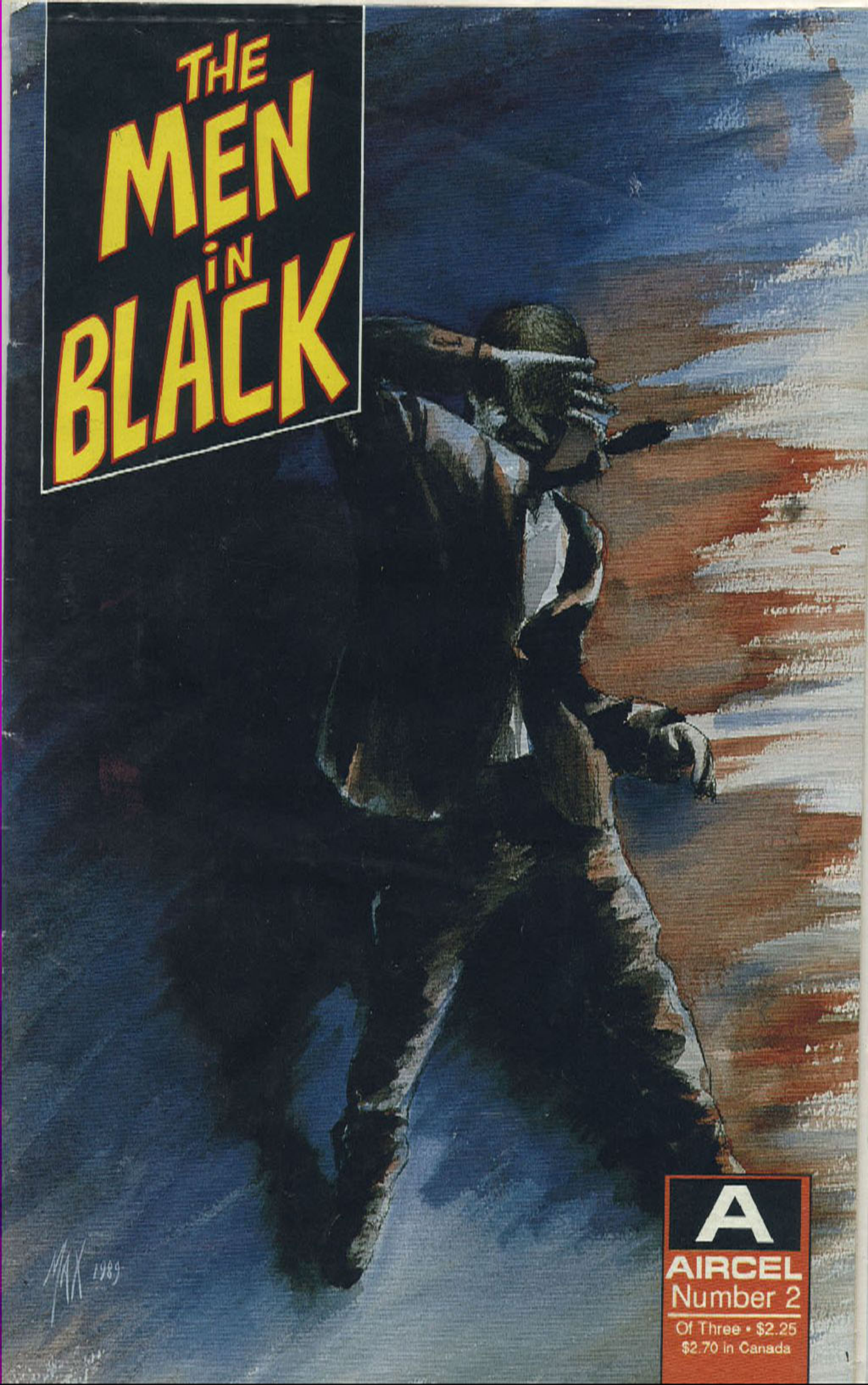
THE MEN IN BLACK
MAX 1989
A
AIRCEL
Number 2
Of Three • $2.25
$2.70 in Canada

THE MEN IN BLACK

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To Jim and Kris Brooks and Ron and Rebecca Lee.

THE MEN IN BLACK #2 (of 3) • February 1990

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BREAK NECK, OKLAHOMA.
THE WILKINS FARM.
OOUUM
MYRNA! MYRNA!
IT'S THEM AGAIN, MYRNA!
DAMNED HEATHEN ALIENS! OUGHTA RESPECT A MAN'S PROPERTY!
COME ON DOWN AND FACE ME, YOU BASTARDS!
I'M READY FOR YOU THIS TIME!
FOOOSH

ENCOUNTER
!
CARRUTHERS '89
THE MEN IN BLACK • PART 2
WE REQUIRE YOUR PROJECTILE WEAPON
YOU WANT MY RIFLE?
WELL, YOU CAN HAVE MY GUN WHEN YOU PRY IT FROM MY COLD, DEAD FINGERS.
THAT IS ACCEPTABLE.
GULP!

HEADQUARTERS.
YOU HANDLED YOURSELF FAIRLY WELL YESTERDAY, CONSIDERING.
I GUESS YOU THINK YOU'RE PRETTY GOOD.
YES.

WE'LL SEE.

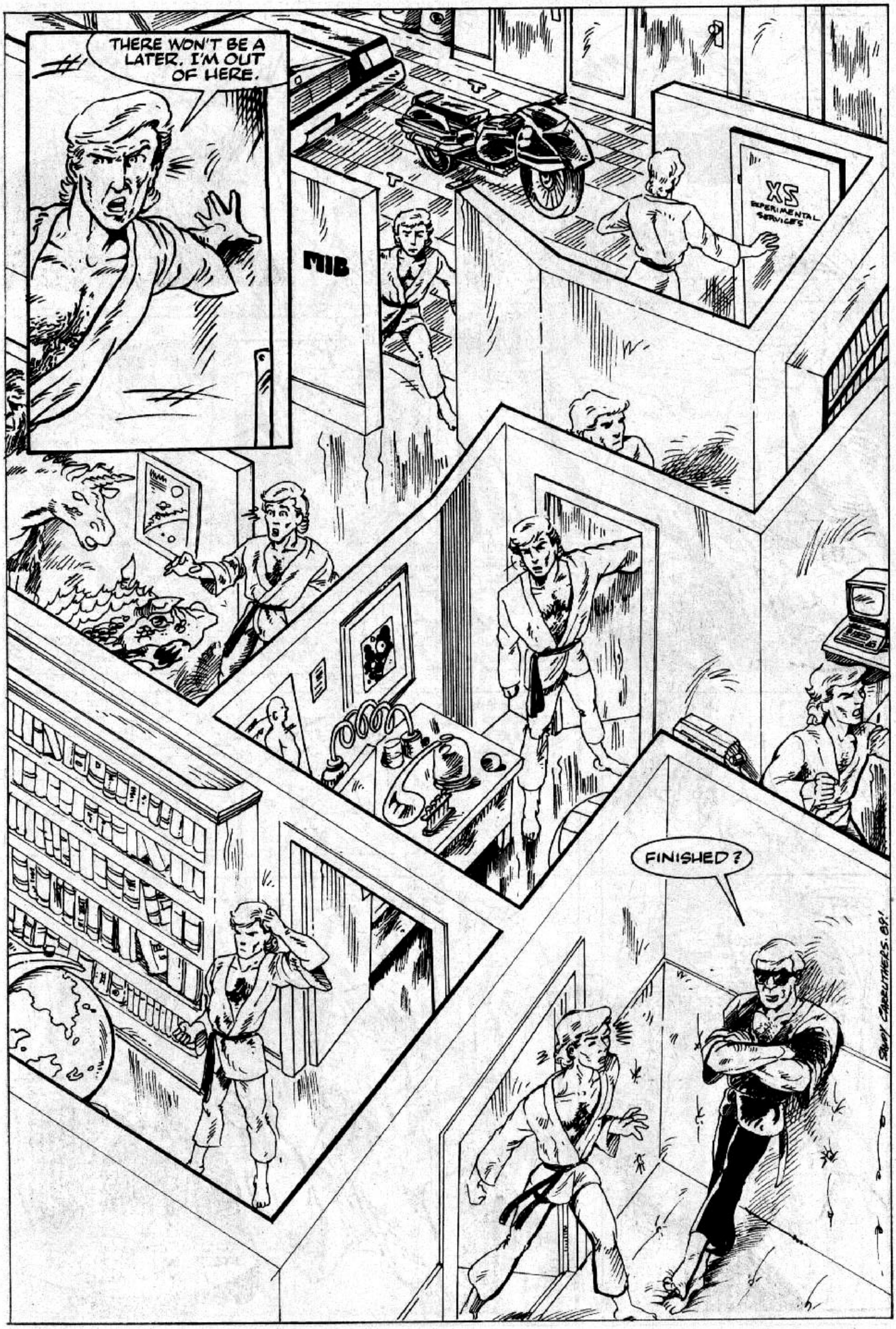
READY?
READY.

OH, I FORGOT TO EXPLAIN THE RULES.
IT'S SIMPLE ENOUGH: THERE ARE NO RULES.
THWACK!

AND THE GAME'S FOR KEEPS.

YOU WEREN'T EXPECTING THAT. LET ME GIVE YOU A HAND.
YAAAAA!
SORRY. COULDN'T HELP MYSELF. NO HARD FEELINGS?
OOOF!
THUD!
ONLY HARD FEELINGS.
THAT'S MORE LIKE IT!
SHOW ME WHAT YOU CAN DO!
NO. WE'VE BOTH GOTTEN OUR LICKS IN. TIME TO QUIT.

BY THE WAY, I FORGOT TO TELL YOU THAT I KNEW THE NEORO-LYSER WOULDN'T WORK ON A BEZERK USER. THAT'S WHY I SET YOU UP.
NO USE RISKING A SEASONED AGENT
THAT DID IT.
HEEE-YAH!
SLOPPY.
YESTERDAY I THOUGHT I WAS DYING.
I TOLD YOU THIS GAME WAS FOR KEEPS.
TODAY I KNOW FOR SURE.
ENOUGH.
WHAP!
YOU WERE TRYING TO KILL ME!
OF COURSE. JUST TESTING YOUR REACTION TO DANGER.
YOU'LL THANK ME LATER.


THERE WON'T BE A LATER. I'M OUT OF HERE.
MIB
XS
EXPERIMENTAL SERVICES
FINISHED?

THERE'S NO WAY OUT!
SURE THERE IS. THE WAY YOU CAME IN.
I WAS VIRTUALLY DEAD.
EXACTLY.
YOU MEAN I HAVE TO DIE TO LEAVE THIS PLACE?
THE BUILDING? NO. BUT I DON'T THINK ANYONE'S EVER WALKED AWAY FROM THE ORGANIZATION.
BELIEVE ME. ONCE YOU GET USED TO IT, YOU WON'T WANT TO.
THE HELL I WON'T! ALL THIS ORGANIZATION HAS DONE FOR ME SO FAR IS TRY TO GET ME KILLED!
WE DIDN'T TRY, WE DID.
LEGALLY, YOU'RE DEAD.
DEAD?
THAT'S RIGHT. AT LEAST YOU DIED A HERO, PROTECTING THE PUBLIC FROM EVIL DRUG LORDS. YOU'VE BECOME THE IDEAL AGENT, CAPABLE AND EXPENDABLE.
"EXPENDABLE"? CERTAINLY DOES WONDERS FOR MY SELF-IMAGE.
AND WHAT IF I DON'T LIKE THAT?
ca-click!
I'LL BE HAPPY TO TAKE CARE OF YOUR PROBLEM FOR YOU. JUST SAY THE WORD.

THAT'LL BE ZED.
HERE? I THOUGHT ZED WAS YOUR CAR.
YEAH? BETTER NOT LET HIM HEAR YOU SAY THAT, HE'LL BE PISSED.
PRIORITY ALERT: LEVEL 3
ATTENTION AGENTS JAY AND KAY, THIS IS A PRIORITY THREE ALERT. REPEAT, PRIORITY THREE ALERT.
AND I THOUGHT IT WAS GOING TO BE SOMETHING IMPORTANT.
WE'VE INTERCEPTED A SERIES OF REPORTS MADE BY HORACE AND MYRNA WILKINS OF BREAK NECK, OKLAHOMA.
REPEATED CONTACTS HAVE BEEN MADE OVER THE COURSE OF THE PAST WEEK, AWAYS BETWEEN THE HOURS OF 8 AND 9 P.M.
Tulsa
Oklahoma City
CONFIDENCE LEVEL IS HIGH. YOU ARE ASSIGNED TO VERIFY CONTACT AND TAKE APPROPRIATE COUNTERMEASURES. PROCEED AS YOU SEE FIT. ZED OUT.
WELL, HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO GET OUT AND SEE THE WORLD. OKLAHOMA! OKAY!
"CONTACT REPORTS"? CONTACT WITH WHAT?
UFOS. FLYING SAUCERS. WHAT'D YOU THINK?
RIGHT.

YOU REALLY EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT WE'RE GOING OUT TO THE MIDDLE OF NOWHERE AND FIND A BUNCH OF SPACESHIPS?
BELIEVE WHATEVER YOU WANT, FLYING SAUCERS ARE SERIOUS BUSINESS.
I KNOW. KEEPS THE ENQUIRER GOING.
AND WHAT DO ALIENS WANT IN A PLACE LIKE BREAK NECK? WHY DON'T THEY JUST LAND AT THE AIRPORT?
THEY BETTER NOT- WE'VE GOT A TREATY.
TREATY? PLEASE!
THAT'S A GOOD ONE. WHY HAVEN'T I HEARD ABOUT THIS TREATY?
YOU PROBABLY HAVE. DIDN'T YOU EVER SEE A MOVIE CALLED "THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL"?
THAT WAS A DOCUMENTARY.
A WARNING ABOUT ATOMIC BOMBS *HARDLY* COUNTS AS A TREATY.
THAT WAS ALL WE HAD AT FIRST, BUT WE GOT A FULL-FLEDGED TREATY AFTER WE KICKED THEIR BUTTS IN THE VIDEO WAR.
REMEMBER THE VIDEO GAME CRAZE A FEW YEARS BACK?
OKAY, I'LL BITE. WHAT WAS THE VIDEO WAR?
THAT WAS A COMPUTER SIMULATED INTERSTELLAR WAR. *SPACE INVADERS*--HOW MUCH MORE OBVIOUS CAN YOU GET?
SOUNDS LIKE A BAD *STAR TREK* EPISODE.
YOU'RE CATCHING ON. IT'S ALL PART OF THE BIG PICTURE.
BIG LIE, YOU MEAN.

BELIEVE ME OR NOT. WHILE YOU'RE TRYING TO DECIDE, HERE'S SOMETHING YOU OUGHT TO READ.
"JANE'S GUIDE TO EXTRATERRESTRIAL VEHICLES."

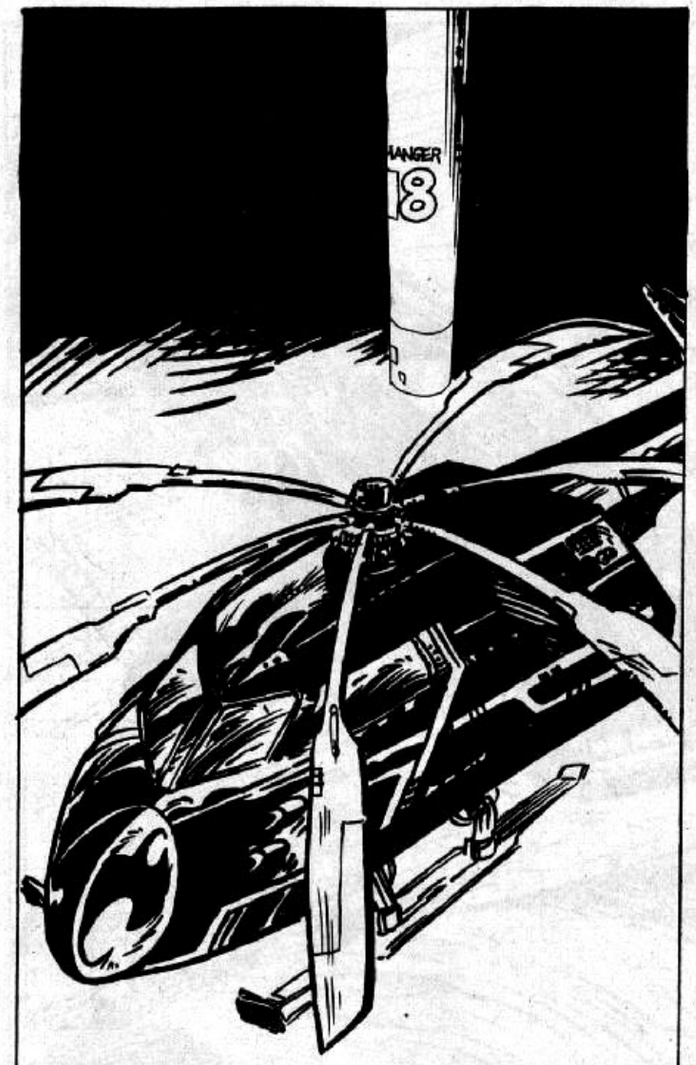
IN A SECOND. I'M ALMOST DONE.
PROPS, TOO? WHAT AN OPERATOR!

I DON'T... HEY!

WHAT HAPPENED TO MY FACE? I'VE GOT A MOLE HERE!
WE TOOK IT OFF WHILE YOU WERE BEING PROCESSED.

IDENTIFYING MARKS OF ANY KIND, AND YOUR FINGERPRINTS AND RETINAL RECORDS HAVE BEEN CHANGED.
PROCESSED, HUH? SOUNDS LIKE WHAT THEY DO AT A MEAT FACTORY.
SIMILAR. YOU WORRY ABOUT THAT LATER. TIME TO HIT THE ROAD.

YOU'RE LUCKY WE DON'T HAVE A TRANSIT STATION NEAR *BREAK NECK*. I DON'T THINK YOU'RE QUITE READY FOR THE **TUBE**.
I'M NOT GOING TO ASK.


HANGER
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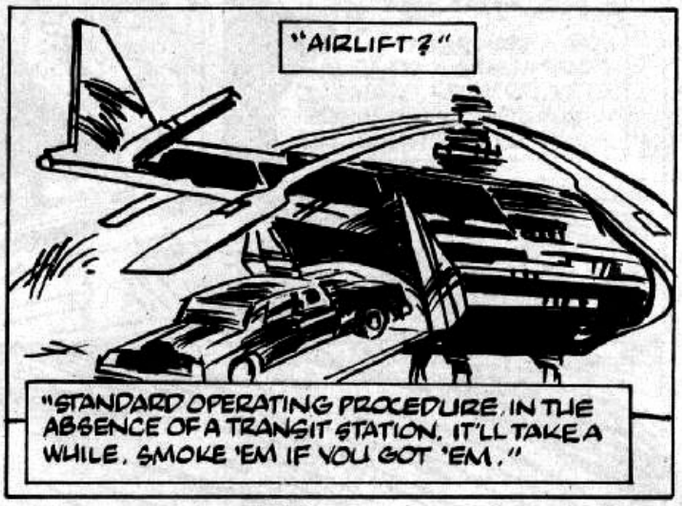
MOVE ON OVER. I'LL DRIVE.
SURE THING.


"AIRLIFT?"
"STANDARD OPERATING PROCEDURE. IN THE ABSENCE OF A TRANSIT STATION, IT'LL TAKE A WHILE. SMOKE 'EM IF YOU GOT 'EM."

HERE WE GO. SADDLE UP BOYS, WE'RE OFF TO THE WILD PRAIRIE.
ANYTHING YOU SAY, JUST GET ME OUT OF HERE.

AS WE PREPARE TO LAND, THE PILOT REQUESTS THAT YOU FASTEN YOUR SEATBELT, EXTINGUISH ALL SMOKING MATERIALS AND RETURN YOUR TRAY TO IT'S UPRIGHT, LOCKED POSITION.
YOU'RE GOING TO LOVE THIS.

KAY, THIS THING IS STILL IN THE AIR!
IT'S A STANDARD DROP MANEUVER, LIKE THEY DO WITH TANKS. I WARNED YOU WE WERE GOING TO HIT THE ROAD.
YEEE-HAAAH!
AAAAHHHH!
ONE

B-WHAM!
WHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUPWHUP

I'LL BET YOU HATE ROLLER COASTERS, TOO.
NOT EVERYONE SHARES YOUR INSANE DESIRE FOR DANGER.
DAMNED SHAME.

"TIME TO GET TO WORK, I GUESS, ZED, CAN YOU GIVE ME A LOCK ON THE WILKINS PLACE?"
"DO IT YOURSELF, JAY. I'M BUSY."
ONE
"I TOLD YOU HE'D BE PISSED."
"I THOUGHT ZED WAS SOME SORT OF MACHINE. I DIDN'T REALIZE HE WAS A PERSON LIKE YOU AND ME."

HE'S A PERSON, BUT I DON'T THINK I'D SAY HE WAS LIKE YOU AND ME.
WHAT? HEY! I THINK I GOT IT.

SHORTLY...
DON'T GO IN YET, COME AROUND.
WHY?
PART OF THE ROUTINE. WE'VE GOT TO LOOK LIKE WE'RE *SIZING UP* THE SITUATION. GIVES THE FOLKS TIME TO GET THE *WRONG* IMPRESSION.
WHAT ARE WE LOOKING FOR?
BESIDES THE BEST METHOD OF MISREPRESENTING OURSELVES?
NOTHING. JUST PUTTING THE *FEAR* INTO THEM. MAKES THINGS RUN SMOOTHER.
WHY DON'T WE JUST GO IN?
AS SOON AS WE'RE SURE WE'VE BEEN SEEN.
THERE WE GO. YOU OUGHT TO PUT ON THE GLASSES, PART OF THE POWER IMAGE.
I'VE GOT THE CONTACTS IN, OKAY?
SUIT YOURSELF. FOLLOW ME.
I'LL DO THE TALKING.
MR. WILKINS?
SPECIAL AGENT KYSER.
AGENT **NORTH** AND I ARE HERE TO INVESTIGATE YOUR RECENT UFO SIGHTING. MAY WE COME IN?
YOU AIN'T MOVING A *SINGLE* STEP TILL I SEE SOME *BADGES!*

OF COURSE. WE APPRECIATE A CAUTIOUS CITIZEN.
I RECKON, YOU TOO, YOUNG FELLA.
BADGE?
I BELIEVE YOU WILL FIND IT IN YOUR WALLET, AGENT NORTH, AS PER REGULATIONS, JACKET POCKET.
UH, SURE.
NEW AGENT.
THERE YOU ARE, SIR.
ALL RIGHT. COME IN.
WHERE'D THAT COME FROM?
THERE! V'SEE, MYRNA? I TOLD YOU THE U.S. GOV'MENT WOULD TAKE HORACE WILKINS SERIOUS.
WE TAKE THESE MATTERS VERY SERIOUSLY.
NOW, WE NEED AN OFFICIAL STATEMENT FOR OUR RECORDS.
FSH!
OH, MY!
FASH!

WHY'D YOU DO THAT? THEY WERE COOPERATING. THEY TRUSTED US.
THIS WAY WE KNOW WE CAN TRUST THEM.
IN THIS BUSINESS ALL YOU CAN COUNT ON IS YOURSELF, YOUR GUN, AND MAYBE YOUR PARTNER.
MAYBE.
AND I DON'T APPRECIATE YOU NAMING ME AFTER DENNIS THE MENACE.
I THOUGHT YOU'D LIKE SHARING THE NAME OF YOUR OLD BUDDY, CARL NORTH.
YOU REMEMBER CARL NORTH. WAS D.E.A., NOW D.O.A.*
*SEE MEN IN BLACK #1 - LOWELL
YOU CALLOUS BASTARD!
SO YOU'VE SAID. NOW UNLESS YOU'RE GOING TO MAKE SOMETHING OF IT, I'VE GOT WORK TO DO.
I THOUGHT SO. NOW STAND BACK AND WATCH A PROFESSIONAL AT WORK.

HORACE? MYRNA? I WANT YOU TO SNAP OUT OF IT ENOUGH TO TELL US WHAT HAPPENED.
NOW GO AHEAD. AND CALL ME "SIR".
YES.
YES, SIR!
THEM FLYING SAUCERS STARTED SHOWIN' UP ABOUT A WEEK AGO, JUSTA HOVERIN' OVER THE FIELD. LIKED TO SCARED MYRNA AND ME TO DEATH.

THAT'S RIGHT, SIR.
THIS IS WHAT THE NEUROLYSER DOES TO PEOPLE? DID TO ME?

WHEN AND WHERE DID THEY LAND?
COUPLA NIGHTS AGO, OUT IN THE FIELD, AFTER I YELLED AT 'EM TO COME DOWN AND FACE ME. THEY'RE UGLY CRITTERS, I'LL TELL YOU!

THEY CAME OUT AND STARTED TALKIN' TO ME.
SAID THEY WANTED TO TAKE MY RIFLE.
MY GOD! WAIT'LL THE NRA HEARS ABOUT THIS!

DID YOU GIVE IT TO THEM?
HELL, NO! AIN'T NO HEATHEN ALIEN'S GONNA TAKE WHAT RIGHTLY BELONGS TO HORACE WILKINS.

THEY'LL BE BACK. THEY WON'T BE SATISFIED TILL MY HORACE IS DEAD. THEY SAID SO!
THAT'S ENOUGH. GO BACK UNDER.

STILL DOUBTING? YOUR UN-IMPEACHABLE WITNESSES HERE BOTH SAY THEY'VE SEEN ALIENS AND FLYING SAUCERS.
I'LL BELIEVE IT WHEN I SEE IT.
SUIT YOURSELF. HOW DO YOU WANT TO PLAY IT?
WHAT DO YOU MEAN?
THE COVER UP.
I GUESS WE CAN'T LET ANYONE KNOW THE "TRUTH."
NOT THIS TIME.
THEN WHAT ARE OUR CHOICES?
YOU'VE GOT YOUR BASICS: DELIBERATE HOAX, UNUSUAL WEATHER, GROUP HALLUCINATION, LOST INTERVAL, THERE'S OTHERS.
WHICH IS BEST?
DEPENDS ON HOW YOU LOOK AT THINGS.
AND HOW DO YOU LOOK AT THINGS?
THROUGH A GUN SIGHT.

VERY FUNNY. DO WHATEVER'S EASIEST ON THE WILKINS'.
WHAT A WIMP CALL.
HORACE! MYRNA! LISTEN UP.
THAT WASN'T A UFO YOU SAW. SWAMP GAS FROM A WEATHER BALLOON WAS TRAPPED IN A THERMAL POCKET AND REFRACTED THE LIGHT FROM VENUS.
THAT'S WHAT YOU SAW.
YES, SIR.
IT DOESN'T MATTER. WHAT MATTERS IS THAT THEY THINK THE GOVERNMENT'S HANDLED THE SITUATION...
NO ONE COULD BELIEVE THAT NONSENSE EVEN IF THEY WERE HYPNOTIZED.
...AND THEY'LL BELIEVE THAT BECAUSE THEY WANT TO.
YOU SIT TIGHT AND KEEP AN EYE ON THOSE TWO.
I'M GOING TO CHECK THE GROUNDS FOR PHYSICAL EVIDENCE, THEN UPGRADE MY FIREPOWER.
GREAT. LEAVE ME WITH THE HYPNOTIZED HICKS.
I'LL BET THE ONLY MAGAZINE THEY HAVE IS READER'S DIGEST.
I DON'T BELIEVE IT. A TELEPHONE.

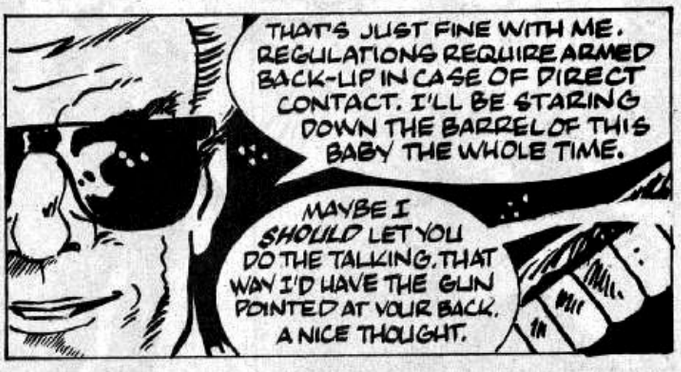
BETTER CALL MY REAL JOB. I HAVEN'T CHECKED IN FOR AT LEAST 24 HOURS.
OPERATOR? I'D LIKE TO PLACE A COLLECT CALL TO THE DIRECTOR AT THE NUMBER I JUST DIALED.
WHO IS CALLING?
BABYKINS.
ONE MOMENT, PLEASE.
CLICK
CLICK
AAAK!
DAMN!
THEY'VE CHANGED THE ACCESS CODES.
DRUG DEATHS SHOCK REGION!
WHAT'S THIS?
TODAY'S PAPER.
"FEDERAL OFFICIALS TODAY DISCLOSED THE GRUESOME FATE OF MISSING DEA AGENT, JOHN CARL NORTH. THE MUTILATED BODY OF NORTH WAS FOUND DURING A POLICE INVESTIGATION OF THE DIABOLOS DRUG CULT IN DRY FLAT, NEW MEXICO..."
BENEFIEL AND NICKLE SEEING ISLANDER OFF
JOHNSTONES KARATE LESSONS

"IN AN APPARENTLY UNRELATED INCIDENT, ANOTHER FEDERAL AGENT IS MISSING AND PRESUMED DEAD FOLLOWING THE DESTRUCTION OF A DESERT COCAINE FACTORY. THE AGENT'S NAME HAS BEEN WITHELD PENDING CONFIRMATION."
DAMN!
I AM AS GOOD AS DEAD!
GOOD AS DEAD.
HARD DAY?

NEED A HAND?
NO! I CAN MANAGE.
FINE, WHILE YOU WERE SITTING ON YOUR BUTT I WAS GETTING THINGS DONE.
I'M PROUD OF YOU.
YOU SHOULD BE.
THEY'VE BEEN HERE, ALL RIGHT.
SO, WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
MAKE 'EM WISH THEY HADN'T.
SURE. WHAT ABOUT THESE TWO?
NO PROBLEM.
HORACE, MYRNA! GO TO BED. IGNORE ANY STRANGE SOUNDS. WHEN YOU WAKE UP, REMEMBER THAT IT'S YOUR PATRIOTIC DUTY AS AMERICAN CITIZENS NOT TO DISCUSS WHAT'S HAPPENED.
THAT OUGHT TO HOLD 'EM.
WE'VE GOT JUST ENOUGH TIME TO GET INTO POSITION. CLOSE THE DOOR BEHIND YOU.
WHAT'S THE RUSH?
WE'RE DEALING WITH PROXIMANS. THEY'RE VERY PUNCTUAL.

LOOKS LIKE YOU'RE ARMED FOR BEAR.
BUG. AND I LIKE TO BE PREPARED.
I THOUGHT WE WERE JUST TO WARN THEM OFF.

LOOK, THERE'S ONLY TWO REASONS ALIENS LAND ON EARTH -- TO TAKE SOMETHING, OR TO LEAVE SOMETHING. EITHER WAY, IT'S OUR JOB TO SEND THEM PACKING.
JUST LET ME DO THE TALKING, OK? THAT IS, IF THESE ALIENS REALLY DO EXIST.


THAT'S JUST FINE WITH ME. REGULATIONS REQUIRE ARMED BACK-UP IN CASE OF DIRECT CONTACT. I'LL BE STARING DOWN THE BARREL OF THIS BABY THE WHOLE TIME.
MAYBE I SHOULD LET YOU DO THE TALKING. THAT WAY I'D HAVE THE GUN POINTED AT YOUR BACK. A NICE THOUGHT.

IT'S A SIGHT YOU'LL NEVER SEE. I'LL NEVER PRETEND TO BE PALS WITH THOSE BAS--
DAMN!
OOOLUMM

MY GOD, KAY WAS TELLING THE TRUTH.
THEY ARE REAL.
WHM

HEY, SNAP OUT OF IT. YOU'RE ON!
AND REMEMBER - STAND TO ONE SIDE. I DON'T WANT TO SHOOT THROUGH YOU UNLESS I HAVE TO.

MY GOD.
WHAT DO YOU SAY TO AN ALIEN?
HELLO?
HELLO. WHERE IS HORACE WILKINS?
WHY DO YOU NEED TO KNOW?
WE HAVE A CONTRACT PERMITTING US TO PRY HORACE WILKINS' RIFLE FROM HIS COLD, DEAD FINGERS.
WE ARE HERE TO COLLECT.

HORACE ISN'T DEAD AND WON'T BE ANY TIME SOON.
VERY WELL. WE WILL RETURN AFTER ANOTHER PLANETARY ROTATION.
WAIT!
YOU MEAN YOU'RE COMING BACK EVERY NIGHT UNTIL HORACE DIES?
THAT IS CORRECT. WE ABIDE BY THE TERMS OF OUR AGREEMENT.
I HATE TO HAVE TO TELL YOU, BUT YOUR CONTRACT'S NOT VALID. YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO LEAVE. PERMANENTLY.
MY PARTNER'S WATCHING, AND IF YOU DON'T TERMINATE YOUR CONTRACT, HE'S GOING TO TERMINATE YOU.
VERY WELL.
ONCE WE ARE FREE OF YOUR PLANET'S GRAVITY, WE SHALL DESTROY OURSELVES.
YOU DON'T HAVE TO DO THAT. JUST LEAVE.
IT IS THE SAME THING. UNLESS OUR HUNT IS SUCCESSFUL OUR ENTIRE HIVE SHALL DIE.

IN TIMES OF OVER-CROWDING, THE GREAT QUEEN ASSIGNS EACH HIVE THE TASK OF OBTAINING USELESS, BUT UNCOMMON, ITEMS.
THOSE WHICH SUCCEED SURVIVE. THOSE WHICH FAIL ARE DESTROYED.
YOUR LIVES DEPEND ON A SCAVENGER HUNT?
OUR ANCESTORS FORAGED TO LIVE. THE SEARCH IS OUR HERITAGE.
WELL, TELL ME EXACTLY WHAT YOU NEED. I'LL HELP IF I CAN.
I KNOW WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE DEAD. IT'S NOT ALL IT'S CRACKED UP TO BE.
WE REQUIRE A PROJECTILE WEAPON SIMILAR TO THAT OWNED BY HORACE WILKINS, OR THE ONE HELD BY YOUR PARTNER.
CAN'T GET YOU EITHER OF THOSE. KAV'D BE MADDER THAN A HORNET...
...PARDON THE EXPRESSION.
WILL THIS DO?
YES, EXCELLENT!
I'LL KEEP THE BULLETS, I MIGHT NEED THEM WHEN I EXPLAIN ALL THIS TO MY PARTNER.
THAT IS ACCEPTABLE.

THIS IS ON THE CONDITION THAT YOU LEAVE IMMEDIATELY AND DON'T COME BACK.
WE SHALL STAY AWAY UNLESS INVITED TO RETURN.
FINE. GOODBYE.
"FAREWELL."
DAMN! THERE GOES TARGET PRACTICE.
YOU LOOK MIGHTY PLEASED WITH YOURSELF. I GUESS YOU THINK YOU'RE BETTER THAN ORKIN WHEN IT COMES TO DEALING WITH BUGS.
I GOT THEM TO LEAVE, DIDN'T I? ALL IT TOOK WAS A LITTLE GIVE AND TAKE.
I SAW. YOU GAVE THEM YOUR PISTOL AND THEY TOOK A HIKE.
DON'T KNOCK IT. IT WORKED.
YEAH. I GUESS YOU DID OKAY THIS TIME.
BABYKINS.
TO BE CONTINUED!